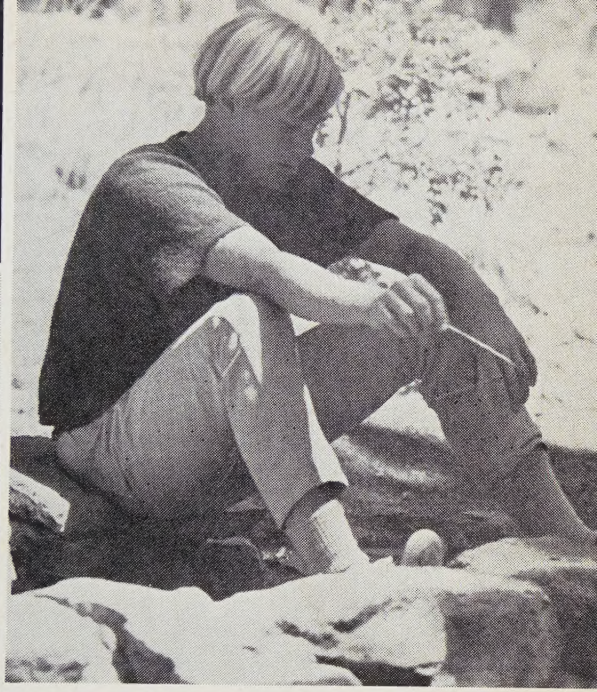


Hate English?
Blowing off *&#!*
Retarded teens helped us!

Youth

OCTOBER 6, 1968

Youth

Volume 19
Number 18
October 6, 1968
Editor: Herman C. Ahrens, Jr.
Assoc. Editor: Laura-Jean Mashrick
Art Consultant: Charles Newton
Admin. Secretary: Clara Utermohlen
Secretary: Jane Popp
Editorial address: Room 806, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102

YOUTH magazine is published for high school young people of the **United Church of Christ** and **The Episcopal Church** An **Horizons** edition is published for young people of the **Church of the Brethren** YOUTH is also recommended for use among young people of the **Anglican Church of Canada**

YOUTH magazine is published every other week throughout the year (except during July and August, when monthly) by the United Church Press. The *Horizons* Edition is distributed to Brethren youth by The General Board—Church of the Brethren.

Publication office: 1720 Chouteau Avenue, St. Louis, Mo. 63103. Second class postage paid at Philadelphia, Pa., and at additional mail-offices. Accepted for mailing at a special rate of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized June 30, 1943.

Subscription rates: Single subscriptions, $3.00 a year. Group rates, five or more to one address, $2.40 each. Single copies, 15 cents each, double issues, 25 cents.

Subscription offices: *United Church of Christ:* Division of Publication, United Church Board for Homeland Ministries, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Episcopal Church:* Circulation Department, YOUTH magazine, Room 310, 1505 Race St., Philadelphia, Pa. 19102. *Church of the Brethren:* General Board, 1451 Dundee Ave., Elgin, Ill. 60120.

Copyright © 1968 by United Church Press

COVER PHOTOS:
Front & back cover—
KEN THOMPSON
Front Cover—
DONALD G. ROGERS
DESIGNER:
PEGGY POWELL

Banfield & Powell Associates

OVERHEARD CONVERSATION

"Well, tell me, what do you fellows think of this course? Do you feel that you've learned something from it?"

"I think it's ridiculous."

"Yeah."

"It's not like an English course at all."

"That's right. We've been learning EVERYTHING."

ENGLISH

ENGLISH 101-111
English for Students Who Hate English

Films, plays, records, magazines, color slides, and field trips will be the "Textbooks" for this course. It is for the student who prefers to think about the world of right now on the basis of what he sees and hears rather than by reading about it in the past. The focus will be on the discovery of what goes on in the everyday world and how it got that way and if it makes any sense or why it doesn't. The class will meet for the full morning session (unless an all-day trip is scheduled) with suitable free periods of relaxation. Grade prerequisite: the lower the better. Students with D's and F's are welcomed but a few C's from real live "underachievers" will be considered. Grades on report cards will be simply "pass" or "fail," and the student will have to work hard to fail. (8 A.M. - 12 Noon). Mrs. Soffer.

Twenty-eight students—six girls and 22 boys—enrolled for this course at the Smith-Northampton (Mass.) Summer School. Classroom approach was primarily audio-visual, centering around the students' ability to respond to what they were seeing and hearing. The emphasis in writing was on self-expression. How was such a course devised? Did it work? The following article explains, from the point of view of the teacher, and from a sampling of the reactions and writing of the students who took the course.

View from the Teachers Room

BY ROSANNE SOFFER

The "Teachers Room" of a public scho is a curious place and about as easy describe as a mythical beast. Wor room, coffee oasis, gossip cente meeting place, it is perhaps mo importantly a kind of escap valve—a safe place for teachers expel the emotional steam gene ated by dealing with the energies– and apathies—of students who ha just reached the stage of questionin and challenging the authority whic the teacher represents. Often the co versations that ensue are of the negativ what's-the-use variety, particularly when the students who are bein discussed are from the so-called "lower sections."

I happen to teach advanced English for academically-talente students who are also verbally gifted. As a result, I was usual disqualified from these discussions about "problem" students. "O you teach the good kids," was the rejoinder I received. "You don know what these classes are like." The argument always followe the same lines: you can't teach them anything anyway so what yo teach and how you teach doesn't really matter.

I disagreed heartily with this argument and decided to do som thing about it. I applied for funds from the Teacher Innovator Pr gram established by our School Board and Superintendent Jol Buteau and began planning a new course for the Smith-Northampto Summer School.

The course description brought a great deal of comment—studen and teachers thought it "funny," "interesting," or "stupid"—but th sad fact was that in the last week before summer school, the actu registration had reached only three. But, in that week, final grad were mailed out and on opening day registration had jumped to 2 due to the new crop of "flunkees"—exactly the group the course ha been designed for.

Each class session ran from eight in the morning until noon—whi is a long time on a hot summer day. I was assisted in the course four teaching interns who were earning practice teaching credits the Master of Arts of Teaching program at Smith College. The cla was held in a corner room of one of the oldest school buildings the system as the high school was unavailable due to construction a new addition. We looked out on the busiest intersection in Nort ampton, and when the buses and trucks went by, our rented tel vision set rolled and heaved and sent out desperate blips.

On a typical day we would take roll as students came in and settl

hemselves in any seat they fancied. The television would be on and stu-
lents could help themselves from a table stacked with books and magazines.
As soon as the bell rang, one of us raced down to the office to phone the
nomes of any missing students. (Regulations stated that no student would
eceive credit if absent more than three times.) As a result of this practice,
ve lost only one student who dropped out after three days.

Students spent the first 20 minutes reading or watching television while
ve set up audio-visual equipment. We then broke into three discussion
groups to talk over papers that had been written in class the day before.
We did not grade papers, but wrote comments on them, and as students
ealized they would not be penalized for grammatical or spelling errors,
hey wrote more and risked making mistakes in saying what they really
hought instead of writing what was safe and uninteresting. After some 20
ninutes of discussion, we projected a thermofax copy of a poem or a slide
f a famous painting on the screen, and the class talked about it. We
lso used lyrics from Beatle numbers, and songs such as "Downtown." The
lass would write about their reactions before there was any discussion.
Then we would collect the papers, read them aloud, and the class would
iscuss their particular interpretations. By this time, it was 10 a.m., and
ve would take a break, while some students went on to other classes.
ixteen students remained for the second section.

During this part of the course we showed three feature films, *Billy Budd*,
om Sawyer, and *Member of the Wedding*, as well as shorter films, such
s "Meet Comrade Student" which is a study of the Soviet educational
ystem. The films were the basis of class discussion, and we often ended
p fairly far from where we had started.

Speakers came to us. We had a session with a member of the Depart-
ient of Welfare and with an official of the Department of Public Works.
Ve decided to make a study of drug use and, after doing some research, the
ass invited one of the Smith College physicians to attend a class session and
ien Sheriff Boyle of the Hampshire House of Correction brought a group
f boys who had been drug users to our class room where each of them
oke and answered questions. Members of the class planned their own
nit on drag racing, bringing in a movie one of them had made of a racing
eet. We then went down to the schoolyard where a student gave us a
cture about a racing car on which he was working.

Another unit evolved around pop art. We bought an eight-by-six-foot
ece of plywood, coated it with flat white paint, and created a group
ostract painting by propping the board up outside and giving each stu-
ent his chance to contribute to the overall design with paint in spray cans.
Ve carried this idea of the group participating in a creative project further
hen five members of the class got together and wrote a collective short
ory based on an automobile accident one student had been in. Twelve
clock often arrived before we were ready for it.

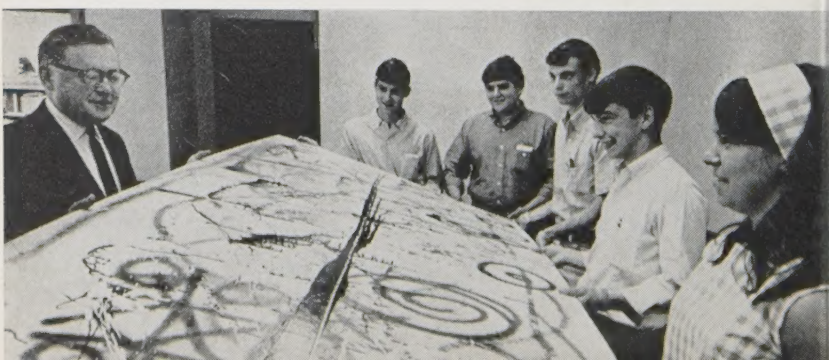
But perhaps the greatest success of the summer was the trips we took.

One day we took a tour of the Harvard campus, then went on to an antiqu auto museum, and finished off with a visit to the Museum of Science. A second trip involved a local television station in Springfield and a guide tour of the urban redevelopment area which tied in with discussions w had been having about the problems of city living. We ended that da at the zoo. On our last trip we visited the computer center at the Unive sity of Massachusetts, after which we drove to the Orange Parachutin Center where we watched precision landing by parachutists for a fascinatin two hours. We also had one evening theater trip, traveling to the nearb summer theater for a performance of *Streetcar Named Desire*. This pe formance stimulated the appetite of the class for drama, and they tape a class performance of Paddy Chayevsky's famous TV play, *Marty*.

For us, as teachers, this was a richly exciting summer. We had learne as much, if not more than the students, and we knew we had found new approach to the teaching of English that departed from all traditiona makeshifts. Best of all, we knew our students had not been bored an that they looked at school from a new point of view. One of the questio other teachers always ask is whether or not the students really learne anything. In the traditional sense, their gain may have been small, bu in terms of the objective of the course itself, the answer is that these st dents did become more aware of what is going on around them in the world. They gained in terms of becoming involved in what they were doin and in having a share in the planning of the course.

The four practice teachers and I read our sheaf of evaluations in th Teachers Room downstairs after the closing of the summer session. For while we had a little trouble being able to talk. I found myself remembe ing those other conversations that had led me to tackle this course. couldn't help feeling a little gleeful and then I wondered how I would h feeling if we had all failed instead. But I realized immediately that w couldn't have failed. When you have been doing something wrong for s long, almost anything new you try that makes better sense is bound to h better.

Students show off their abstract painting.



View from the Classroom

WHAT DID YOU THINK OF THIS COURSE?

"When they told me I had to go to summer school if I wanted to pass I said no, I didn't give any reason but I had one and that was I had been to summer school before and I hated it. When I came my first day I thought this was going to be another boring year. Than I saw my classmates I thought I was going to flunk the corse because I knew the guys and how we would act. Everything seemed different. It was fun and interesting we all goffed around including the teachers. So these six weeks were full of excitement and fun."

"This is the greatest course I've ever taken in all my school years. At first I didn't understand the meaning of this course, but as we progressed through the six weeks I began to understand what the teachers were trying to get across to us and now I know. I learned more about life and what's going on around me in the present day and how to study and describe things I see."

"To tell you the truth I hate school. I am going into the Navy because I can't stand school but I want my diploma very bad and I will get it while I am in the Service but next year if the school had a coarse like this I would not go in the Navy . . . this coarse has more to it than what they tell you it has and for a few examples you have freedom to speak you and the teacher get along very well because she gets to know you and both the teacher and you can talk as friends and this means a lot to the student when he can trust his teacher it ment a lot to me."

HOW WOULD YOU CHANGE SCHOOL?

". . . I guess first of all I would change the laws and rules of school clothing. Then I would change the law of how much homework you must have. Finally I would pass a law saying that the students could give the teachers a report card on how well they teach each ten weeks."

"I think there should be more activities in school, so you can receive credits for something you enjoy doing rather than something that gives you a headache. I think teachers should try to understand there students position before sending them to the office or trying to push them around and I also think teachers should mind there own business meaning in the halls the teachers should leave the scolding to the office thats what its there for. . ."

WHAT DO YOU SEE?

PICASSO'S "GUERNICA"

"I think it looks like a bar room with trophy animals on the wall."

"It is a farm yard with all the animals running loose in sort of an abstrac manner."

"It's one of those phantasies that run through your mind in about 1/10t of a second at three o'clock in the morning. All the individual 'character are characters from your life, and added up they make a mood. Th mood's sharp, but fleeting. It has too many conflicting emotional pattern I don't know what it is, I just know what it feels like, and I can't tell yo that."

"To me it is a riot in a big city with a pile of bodys and the other thing in the picture are the billboards and stores with one street light."

"A preastoric son in a fearse battle with man against beast about to b devouried by the jaws of a slimey beast."

"I think it's a psycodelic lollipop with acid intergestion."

PAVEL TCHELITCHEW'S "HIDE AND SEEK"

"It presents a problem for the girl in the center of the picture. It seem that they are trying to shut her out of the world . . . She ignored ther before, why should they accept her now?"

"This reminds me of children in need of happiness and friendship. Yo see the faces of many young children staring at another child in the cente of them. The artist tries to show the expression of sorrow by the differer usages of paint."

"It looks like a girl fell into a hole and killed herself. At the top of th hole all these people are looking in and wondering what has happene The colors used make it look like someone was killed and smeared over piece of canvas. They say a picture is worth 1000 words—this one sure isn't

"I would call this picture "Growing up." This picture means only or thing to me and that is: no matter how one matures, or how advanced h has become in life, he is still a child at heart."

Dear Mr. Brown,

If I told you I liked *Manchild in the Promised Land,* I'd be telling you that I like you. And I do. From the first page to the last you were you—you spoke the language of the streets, you did the things that Harlemites do. You didn't hold back things that were revealing, embarrassing, or even incriminating. You told the story of your life and of Harlem with no strings tied . . . thank you for a great book. Please write another one.

Dear George Orwell,

George, I've just finished reading your book, *Down and Out in Paris and London.* I didn't think it was that good. It just shows how bad a lot of people live. It might be interesting to some people with bad hearts but not for me. I like excitement, suspense, and a lot of action. Your book had hardly any in it.

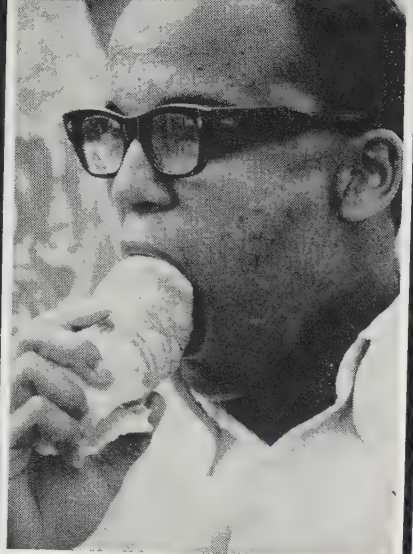
Dear Mr. Washington,

I have just finished reading your book, *Up From Slavery,* and all I can say is that it was the most interesting book that I have ever read. You told how you started out as a slave and ended up being the principal of a very important school which was growing larger by the year. And I was happy while reading the book because it proved to me and to anyone else who reads it that a man can get someplace in the world if he really tries hard. And in all the other books I have read it was always the white man that got somewhere.

Dear Mr. Egan,

After completing your book, *The Junkie Priest,* I thought I would sit down and write you a letter telling how much I enjoyed your book. The junkie priest who tried to help those girls was great. I agree very much that trying to help them by setting up a place where they could go after getting out of jail, or a house of detention. There are more people like Ann, Kathy and Susan who need help.

avel Tchelitchew, **Hide and Seek**



Crying

Dancing really hard and fast

Slugging a wall, or pounding my desk

Yelling and screaming at my brother

Going off my diet

Laughing until my stomach hurts

Get your favorite way of blowing off steam

PHOTO CREDITS: Pg. 10, Ed Eckstein; Top, Berne Greene; Center, Ed Eckstein; Bottom Circle, UPI; Right, Salzmann.

PHOTO CREDITS: Left, Berna Gre
Right, Ken Thompson; Bottom,
Tritsch

Talking with someon

Telling my Mom off

Walking or driving alone

Doing as many push-ups as I can o
running as fast as I can for as long
as I can

Singing and playing my guitar in
privat

Putting my feet in cold water

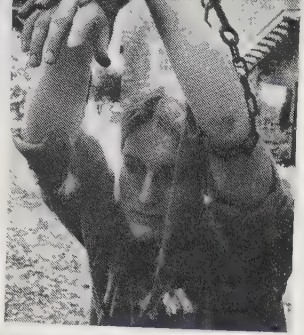
Going someplace and acting lik
I'm someone els

Playing football

Splashing oil paint on canvas

Arguing

Getting a bunch of kids togethe
roaming around and seeing



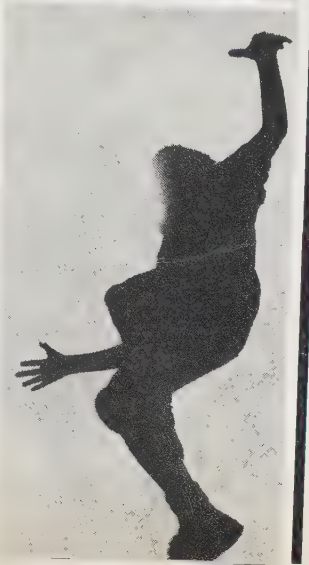


PHOTO CREDITS: Top, Ken Thompson; Right, John C. Goodwin

tearing them up

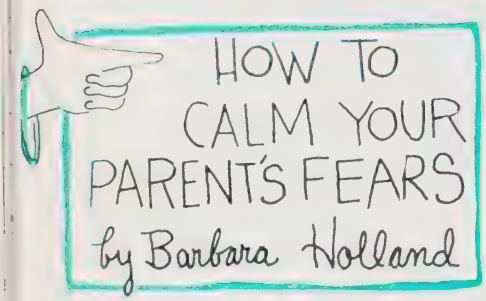
Taking a long, long walk

Listening to the end of the 1812 Overture

Lifting weights

Throwing rocks across the river

I never let steam build up — well hardly ever



A great deal is being said by psychologists these days about the right way for parents to talk to their children, the theory being that by using the right words instead of the wrong ones parents can change a nervous, fearful child into a happy, secure one.

But what about the other side of the coin? What about that other insecure, tense and anxious group? What about parents? Until now the question of how *they* should be talked to has been completely ignored. Yet every teen-ager knows that nervous, unhappy parents can make home a very unpleasant place. They argue, they cross-examine, they complain, they refuse to understand what you are talking about and they humiliate you in front of your friends. But there is a right way and a wrong way to talk to parents too; your words can change their lives—and yours.

It works something like this. Most parents suffer from repressed fears; they are afraid to face what they fear most, and so they bury it i their subconscious. Tension result and to relieve it they bring up les threatening, substitute fears. Fo instance, your parents read a news paper article on the use of hallu cinogenic drugs among teen-agers They say to each other, "Isn't it nic that we trust Linda. We know sh wouldn't get caught in such a mess. Actually, of course, they are simpl denying their fears, forcing ther down to a subconscious level. Nex morning at breakfast, a reactio sets in. Your father says, "Youn lady, that skirt is too short." You mother chimes in, "It wasn't tha short when you bought it. Wha have you done to it? No daughte of mine is going out with her ski . . ." And so on.

There's no way of winning tha argument about your skirt. If yo fly into a rage, their fears abou you are deepened. On the othe hand, if you meekly let out the hem they worry because you are s easily influenced.

The skirt is not the point. It's substitute for your parents' re pressed fears. The current one center on drugs and sex. (It used t be smoking and drinking.) You ma safely assume that your parents su fer from both the old and the ne fears, to a greater or lesser degre There are other common fears too of course, such as what kind

college can you possibly get into with grades like yours, but those are usually at the conscious level and can be verbalized; i.e., your parents and you can have a rattling good row about them, and no harm done.

It's important for you not to feel shocked or hurt by their hidden fears about you. Your parents' feelings are completely normal, a part of every parents' development. And once those fears have been dealt with, their surface manifestations melt away. Secure, untroubled parents are p l e a s a n t to have around. A father who honestly believes you do not take LSD allows a later curfew. A mother certain you are not going off to live in a crash pad seldom objects to false eyelashes.

To help parents achieve that happy state, your first rule is to avoid the direct frontal approach. This is the wrong way:

PARENT: This Johnny you're going out with Saturday. Do we know him?

YOU: Johnny does not burn his draft card, exceed the speed limit or hold up gas stations, and he has a positively neurotic respect for my virtue.

PARENT: I think we'd better have a little talk with him, young lady.

Your mistake in the above colloquy is that you have abruptly raised your parents' fears to the painful conscious level. Instead of such a head-on tackle, you must guide them gently into verbalizing their anxiety for themselves. And you must do it on an impersonal level. The personal is too threatening. The subject must be not you, but others. For instance,

YOU: Here's an interesting article about teen-age pregnancies.

PARENT *(nervously c a s u a l):* Oh, really?

YOU: Yes. It says that one out of six high school girls gets pregnant before her senior year. That's hard to believe.

PARENT: We believe it! What about that girl in your own class?

YOU: Oh, her. She's a fool.

PARENT: And your aunt was telling me just last spring about her friend's niece.

YOU *(calmly):* She must be a fool too. Goodness, no one I know . . . I mean, it's so dumb. What's wrong with kids anyway? Don't their parents tell them anything?

PARENT *(smugly):* They m u s t have very irresponsible families.

In this case, you have allowed your parents to neutralize their fears by their own expression of them.

Clearly that girl in your class and your aunt's friend's niece have been worrying them for months. By presenting the problem through someone else's words (the words in an article) you have avoided the conflict involved in a personal discussion. And you have deftly complimented them as parents, leading them to conclude that you are safe because they are responsible people. It will be a long time before you hear more about your skirt.

The compliment is important. But again, avoid a frontal approach. If you walk into the living room and cry, "I love you, I love you, you are marvelously adequate parents!" they will probably be either puzzled or panicked. The compliment, to have effect, must be implicit rather than overt. In other words you don't give it, you plant it. Sometimes the only way is by criticizing others:

"Judy Ann's mother and father are so stodgy and narrow-minded. She never tells them a thing she's doing and I don't blame her. Why they're younger than you are, but you'd think they were a hundred."

You have let your parents feel that you are satisfied with them, that you do tell them everything you're doing, and that they are young enough in spirit to understand you.

What is built up by compliment can be torn down by careless carping. Many teens fall into the habit of criticizing their parents automatically. Parents may seem to ignore such talk or merely to be annoyed by it, but actually they are being damaged by every word. Certainly you don't mean to undermine their self-respect or paralyze them with anxiety. Just the same you often do. The words slip out:

"There's no use trying to explain anything to you."

"Mother, do you have to wear that hat? People are staring."

"Leah's so lucky. I wish I had her family."

"Never mind, you wouldn't understand if I told you."

"Drop me off at the corner, so o one will see this beat-up old car e've got."

"You must be living in the Stone ge."

Their answer may be an angry rowl or some stern version of That's enough of that kind of talk, oung lady." But often enough, u c h disparagement undermines eir confidence and ability to think early, if at all.

They tend to react to their feelgs of failure with angry confusion, ke a child who cannot tie his shoeces. Suddenly they announce that ere will be no more television on chool nights, no more dates with ohnny, and the blue dress goes ght back to the store.

When you complain they become ven angrier. Your father may deare, mistakenly, that you are not o old to be turned over his knee. nen, after you have retired to your om and closed the door with quiet gnity, dislodging a large piece of laster from the ceiling, they look guiltily at each other. They have done something, but what? You h a v e destroyed their confidence. They have nothing to fall back on, and they panic. Perhaps your allowance should be cut too? Maybe you should be home by ten?

"Well," says your father, rattling his newspaper. "A little discipline around here . . . trouble with these kids these days . . ."

How, then, should you criticize effectively? How can you point out p r o p e r behavior without doing harm?

Impersonally.

Sometimes a simple statement of how you feel, couched in impersonal terms, is surprisingly effective: "It is very upsetting to be cross-examined all the time. Even the young are entitled to a little privacy." This is direct and clear, but cannot antagonize. Unlike "Stop

picking on me," it is not hostile. Your parents have time to consider, without being diverted from your point into anger at you.

And here again you may find talking about someone else helpful: "Shelley's parents are impossible! Her allowance barely covers her lunches, she can't even buy a soda after school. (Here you name a sum very slightly smaller than your own.) Her father keeps saying that's all the money he had at her age. Good grief, you could probably have bought a *yacht* with it thirty years ago. I wouldn't be surprised if she dropped out of school and got a job, just to have some spending money."

This cannot create anxiety, and it gives your parents constructive insights on the money problem. It allows normal, healthy guilt feelings, your strongest ally, to emerge. It leaves the initiative with the parents, so that when they offer you a raise they feel they are doing it voluntarily because they are generous and understanding parents, unlike Shelly's.

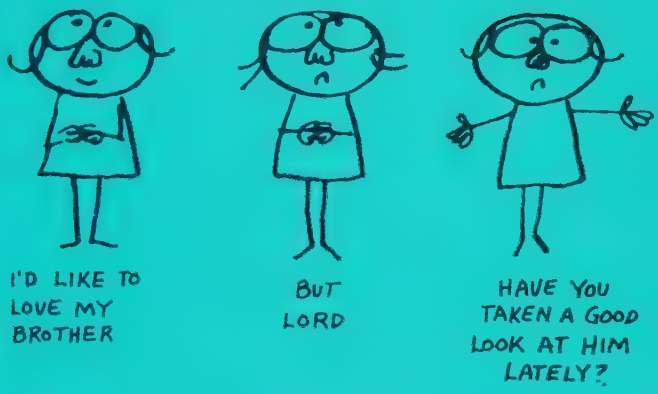
The important thing is to break down all the automatic bad habits that are usually developed in talking to parents, the fruitless circular arguments, the damaging criticism, the reinforcement of their unconscious fears. Your aim is to bri up secure and trusting parents, o going, happy and confident of th capabilities. To do this, you mu let them air and neutralize th fears. You must build their con dence with subtle praise. You mu dissolve the wall of hostility behi which their security erodes. Y must try to talk to them as if th were people, guiding them in friendly and, above all, an impe sonal way.

It is not easy. At first you w have to stop and think every tim you open your mouth. And it ma be weeks or even months befo the positive results start emergin

But it will work. And it will worth it. Cheerful and friend they will whistle at their work, sm at your friends, admire your tas in clothes, and eventually rema that, while they disapprove of this long hair generally, on John it looks good.

Copyright © 1968 by Triangle Publications, I
Appeared originally in **Seventeen.**
Reprinted by permission of McIntosh and Ot
Inc.

BROTHERLY LOVE



RESPONSE TO ARTICLE ON THE DRAFT

We would like to add comments to your July article on the draft.

At its recent annual meeting, the N.Y. State Conference of the U.C.C., while recognizing that the best way to deal with the draft is to abolish it, met recognizing that it does exist, and made the following recommendations for reform: Lowering the maximum age for draft board members from the present 75 years to 65; inclusion of selective conscientious objection as a valid position; dropping of induction as punishment for objectors to Selective Service; limiting of draft board members' term of office to four years instead of the present 25; making local and appeal boards and personnel representative of the racial make-up of the area served; allowing draftees one lawyer and up to five witnesses in local and appeal board hearings; selection entirely by lottery with educational and occupational deferments dropped; dropping of exemption for clergy and ministerial students; complete exemption of all men over 25; and elimination of the card carrying requirement.

Some of these recommendations are followed routinely in other areas of American jurisprudence and common law involving man's life, . . . why not in Selective Service?

—*G. H., Watertown, N.Y.*

touch & go

THOSE EASTER TOMATOES

My brother just showed me the sp cial April poster issue of YOUT and I was so thrilled by it I almo stole it from him. The two "ton toes" who designed the magazi must be very proud. Not only w the artistry excellent—it is a creati and powerful way of preaching t gospel. It really spoke to m Please thank them.

—*L. S., Arlington, Va.*

PLEASING PLAUDITS

YOUTH magazine is really terrif I started reading it in hopes I cou begin to understand some of t thinking of my children and you in general. Thank you.

—*M. U., Trenton, Nebr.*

YOUTH magazine certainly sen me. Some of our youth are n "child-like" enough to understar you, but I certainly look forwa to your mag. It's really the on thing that brightens Sunday—a ho rible day.

—*F. O., Comstock Park, Mich.*

ONE EDITOR TO ANOTHER

I should like to commend the ed torial board of YOUTH for puttin out the best magazine for you people of high school age that have ever seen. I have a fell feeling for editorial boards of chur sponsored publications because am the managing editor of o diocesan monthly magazine.

There are two characteristics YOUTH which I like particular The first is being realistic rath than unrealistic (be good and y will be rewarded); and the seco

your concern for and understand-
g of others whether you like or
o not like their ways and ideas.
—*W. T., Woodsville, N. H.*

OMMENTS ON CRISIS

entlemen: Today I received my
ne 16-30 issue of YOUTH on the
acial Crisis and You . . . Me, Us.
want to praise you for your ambi-
ous undertaking. I read the issue
om cover to cover (in several sit-
ngs!) with great interest. This was
e first time—with all the talk and
porting on racial problems, the
ietto, the urban crisis, and riot re-
orts—that I found so much said
one piece. Congratulations. I
arned and I am left thinking.
—*S. W. S., Philadelphia, Pa.*

he article in the June issue is very
ell done and congratulations are
order for the staff of YOUTH for
concern and dedication. "The
uth of History" ought to be read
the adults—they need it most.
nd I'm one of them.
—*D. B., Sand Lake, N. Y.*

received a copy of the June issue
d read the interview between
yself and the students. Consider-
g the length of the original tape
d the amount of material to be
ted through, someone did an
cellent job of condensation. I
n't feel that any meanings were
t nor that any misunderstandings
re created through editing.
Each Tuesday I teach a class in
egro (black) history to black
uth. The insert in the June issue
s so significant that I obtained
ra copies and distributed them
to my class. The students will study it, for a week, and then give *me* a test—with the stipulation that they be able to answer any questions they put to me, without referring to the insert. Regardless of the cost, I would like 100 copies of the entire issue—the sooner, the better. Thanks.
—*Ernie Chambers, Omaha, Nebr.*

As a former P.F.'er, I still read with pleasure YOUTH magazine. I have recently finished reading the June 16-30 issue which concentrates on the racial crisis. What excellent material! Please send me the bibliography relating to the racial crisis.
—*B. B., Tulsa, Okla.*

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

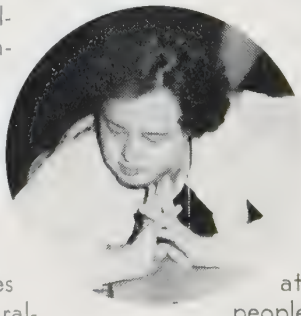
In case you missed our 96-page issue "The Racial Crisis and You" copies are still available in limited numbers (50 cents each; 10 or more 30 cents each). The historical insert in this issue entitled "The Truth of History" is available separately (15 cents each; 10 or more 10 cents each). A special 32-page annotated bibliography on Negro history will be sent upon request (up to five copies free; then five cents each). All three items may be obtained by writing to: Office of Literature Sales, Room 804, 1505 Race St., Phila., Pa. 19102.

PRE-CAMP:

A retarded teen is just like me, but . . .

"learns more slowly and needs more understanding and love."

Every five minutes a child is born who will be retarded. At the present time, six million Americans are mentally retarded. Mental retardation strikes ten times as many people as diabetes, 20 times as many as tuberculosis, 25 times as many as muscular distrophy, and 600 times as many as infantile paralysis. Grim facts.



With such statistics, it follows that you probably know someone — in your school, or your neighborhood, or your church—who is mentally retarded. But, how well do you know that "someone?" Or, do you actually avoid getting to know him?

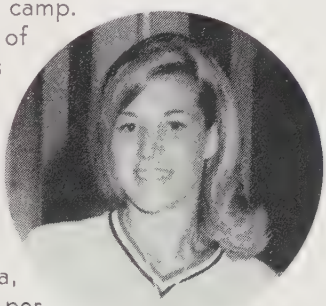
What does being retarded mean? Can an untrained "normal" person be helpful to someone less fortunate? This past summer, a group of teens of the United Church, the Christi Church, and the Rom Catholic Church fou out as they served counsellors at Whi Memorial Camp Council Grove, Ka sas. Each youth pa $20 of his own mon to serve for eight da at this camp for retard people sponsored by the Ka sas-Oklahoma Conference of t United Church of Christ. For so of the teens, this was their seco year as counsellors at the camp.

Photos: Admire Studio

The counsellors-to-be spent t days in orientation at Kansas Ne rological Institute (Topeka). Th learned that mental retardation i condition in which the brain is p vented from fully developing, lim ing the victim's ability to learn a to put learning to use. They learn that there are 150 known causes mental retardation—that it can ha pen in any family, rich or poor, gardless of social or educatio background. NO ONE IS IMMUN They prepared themselves psyc logically to handle their own em tional reactions, and they listen

arefully to suggestions of ways to ommunicate with retarded young eople; that is, people whose chron- logical age would range from 13- 6 years, but whose mental age ould be from five to eight years. s part of their training, they visited day-camp for retarded children nd worked with the children and aff there for an afternoon.

Then came White Memorial Camp self. Activities included painting, usic, dancing, swimming, sports, nd vesper services. Campers and aff helped with simple house-keep- ng tasks around the camp. he one-to-one ratio of ampers to counsellors nabled close, help- l relationships to e built in a short me. A staff of nuns, ained in special edu- ation, from Sacred leart College, Wichita, erved as free-floating per-



sons working spontaneously with individual situations.

But the retarded young people weren't the only ones doing the learning — their counsellors found themselves learning and changing, too. The following excerpts are taken, with permission, from the diaries of some of these teenage counsellors:

POST-CAMP:

A retarded teen is just like me, but . .

no buts,

e is like me, only more loving and more appreciative."

Sunday Night Our retarded teens arrived! The campers all joined the spirit of the thing—I love to watch them—they are so full of lo and so free. Some of the ones who came last year remembered it a have been anxiously awaiting camp this year. Try as I may I can n think of these kids as retarded, but just as younger children. Georgett who came to camp last year, began to sing on the last day—this year s sang on the first day. I thought we would have to start all over. I pr for guidance for the rest of the week.

Monday Night The first day we learn so much about the kids! Tonig Mike, a blind boy, was a trifle homesick. He said he was afraid that would get lost in the woods at Vespers, and he asked if he would be le alone out there. This made me stop and think just how much th depend on us. They are trusting us completely and how could we po sibly let them down?

Today "sharing" was our theme and each child that shared w praised. The kids react so strongly to praise that you know that this something they really need to satisfy their searching souls.

Wednesday Horizontal Hour I walked to Vespers last night wi Mike. He always wants to know about the surroundings and we let h smell a bale of hay.

Thursday Horizontal Hour The kids are all getting more outgoin leading songs, etc. I think that is one of the main things that this cam does for these kids. Some of them have never been made to feel impo tant before and this is wonderful experience. On the other hand, son of them have been made to feel too important and this is as bad as t other. If we only had more than a week!

riday Night The week is over. I have had a wonderful time and ave learned and gained so much. There is, however, a highly personal onflict within myself which separates me from the campers—one which will not explain, or perhaps, cannot explain it—not to myself or to nyone else.

When I saw the look on Corky's face tonight as we applauded his iano solo, I wondered what this feeling was. I wonder everytime I see ieir faces or the things I do. Do I pity them—do I hate them? Or—o I pity or hate myself? Yet, this pity or hate or whatever is all inside. n the outer surface I love them, everyone. I loved Corky's pleased ce just as I love all their happy looks. So, how can I feel so awful ithin?

Maybe I shouldn't be here. Only God knows, and I pray that He ill help me to know. ■

unday Though I guess I was more at ease than I was last year, I ill felt a little uneasy before the campers got here. Just like last year, ough, the campers were the ones who put me at ease. The first boy met was Jim. All I had to do was walk up and introduce myself. mmediately, we were best of friends. The whole day was just meeting eople. I had the feeling that we so-called "normal" people were miss-g out on something by not being so open and friendly. By supper, was as if we had known each other for a whole lifetime.

onday After a good breakfast we had a little singing, then we all eaned up our cabins. We tried to express the theme of sharing all y, and I think the kids really got some good out of it. I believe I arned a little myself. I'm getting acquainted with Darrell again—a -year-old mongoloid with an extreme need for attention. He goes ound saying "you fat" and expecting people to say thank you. If you ll Darrell fat, he will go off and cry and you're supposed to come tell n you're sorry and console him. It's almost a game. I also met Pam. l I had to do was show a little interest in her and, suddenly, I'm her yfriend. I hope she doesn't get too serious.

uesday Darrell is really getting carried away with his being fat, and thinks people are laughing at him. It's getting so that's all he talks out and he won't do anything else. We can't get him to do anything nstructive. A real problem. Also, Pam is really hung up over me. I n't seem to shake her. She's really getting to be a pain. I finally cided we were going too far when she wanted me to sit on her lap. e's bigger than I am! When I told her no, it really hurt her feelings. took quite a bit of concern on my part to make her stop crying. fortunately, I got relationships back to normal. There's such a differ-ce in personalities here—Doug is so helpful, and Darrell is so unco-

BRUCE BONEBRAKE • Kinsley, Kansas

operative. Mike and Corky, our blind boys, can do so much for the selves, while Carl, who is all right physically, needs so much help. W had our first staff meeting after we got the campers to bed. It was go to discuss some of our problems with the adult staff who have had spec training with mentally retarded children. After some long discussio we decided to start ignoring Darrell's pleas of "you fat." We also decid that I'd show some interest in some other girl besides Pam and so other people would try to get Pam off my back.

Wednesday What a trying day! I tried out a lot of my new ide My most frustrating was Pam. To start off the day, I started showi a lot of attention to Renia, hoping that Pam would take a hint and g lost. Instead, I managed to make another girl friend in Renia, who also bigger than I am. It really tried my patience to have one holdi each hand and pulling in different directions. HELP! Another frustr ing person was Darrell. His "you fat" really went to extremes. May the fact that I started ignoring it made him start saying it over a over. Every time he brought it up, which was about twice a minu I changed the subject. I ran out of things to change the subject pretty fast. Was it ever good to get into town after hours!

Thursday What a change! I can notice my frustrations of yesterd paying off. Darrell is really coming around. He isn't worried abo being fat nearly so much, though he still does bring it up now a then. Surprisingly, he is even more friendly towards me, even thou I didn't give him as much attention as usual yesterday. This mornin while I was writing he sat beside me and started writing too. He rea surprised me with what he knew. I wonder who ever had the patien to teach him so much! Even the situation with Pam and Renia is i proving. It's really been a good day. All the kids are showing improv ment and the kids are not only learning to love the counsellors, b we've also seen some really great acquaintances between campers a campers.

I feel inadequate. I want to get really involved with every camp here. There just isn't enough time. Some of the kids have such re needs, and today I felt like I was really helping them along with n becoming more tolerant. It was so great that I wish camp would end. I can really notice the change in my tolerance. All the campe appear to be "normal" people now. Either that or the counsellors appe retarded. The campers just appear to need more love than most peopl I wish I had a chance to give it to each one.

Friday Darrell sat down again this morning and wrote and added f about an hour. His concentration and cooperation is really a welcom change from last Tuesday. The campers have really hit my soft sp

am mad at myself for not spending more time with each one. I feel o lucky when I think of all I have to offer compared to the campers, ut I feel kind of lacking in the abilities of trust, faith, and carefreeness hat these kids have. I wish I could love and trust as easily as a retarded erson. Sometimes I wonder if what we have taught them are important nough to make a difference. Maybe what they taught me is what ounts. ■

"It felt good to help them with a puzzle or finger painting. It felt good to be able to see that humans could do things for themselves. I have a deeper understanding of them. They are still people just like us."

PRE-CAMP: The retarded personality . . .

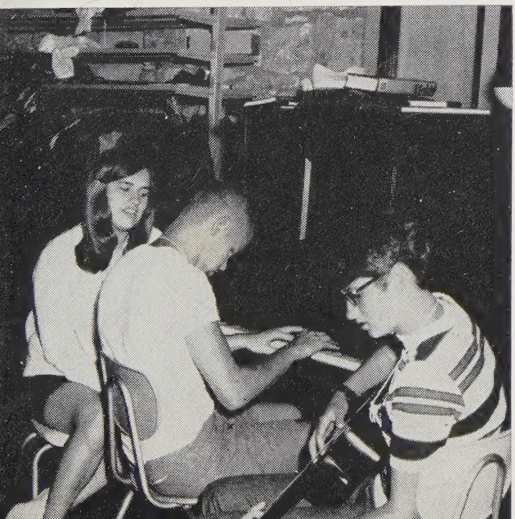
"needs a lot of love and understanding and is likely not to understand the world in which he lives."

"I am scared to death of what is to come into my life tomorrow. Scared, frantic, excited, and anxious—that's what I feel tonight! I feel deep in my heart that the campers are going to teach me compassion, love, faith, and an understanding of people of different race, color, or mentality. I am anxious to learn."

"If we had the kind of dispositions most of these kids ha we wouldn't have any of the social problems we have the world toda

"I've known caring—these kids know if someone really cares. I've seen joy—joy on the face of a boy when the whole group sang his favorite song."

"Today was the last day—I knew I would cry, and I did. I cried because it was the most tremendous time of my life. I was able to give love and caring more than I thought I could, and I received love and caring ten times over."

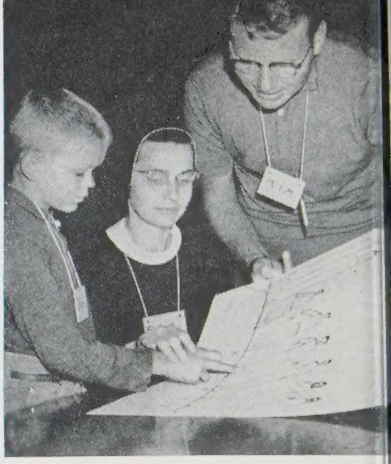


POST-CAMP:

The retarded personality . . .

"like us, can sometimes be cold and hard, or warm and friendly, but is more honest in his self expression and feelings."

THOUGHTS FROM THE CAMP'S DIRECTOR



"Someone has said that there will be a place in heaven for a mentally retarded child named Mike, but I'm not sure there will be a place for him in the church."

The culture in which we live is not congenial to the mentally retarded. Lif is becoming more complex each day. Specialization in all fields require capacities which the mentally retarded do not have. Our society is highl competitive; we live in a world of rapid social change, unrest, and anxiet In such an unstable atmosphere, the mentally retarded person feels com pletely lost and alone.

In most communities, no adequate facilities are provided for trainin such persons. Eighty-five percent of the mentally retarded can help sup port themselves if they are trained, but 80 percent of all the retarde receive no education of any kind. Instead, they become the standin targets for jokes and gibes, and their life is one sad experience. There in our society a compulsive demand to succeed, to hold a job, and to mak money. Success is measured in terms of production statistics rather tha wholesome, happy employer-employee relationships, or self-fulfillment.

We need a much broader concept of success, especially in the Churc of Jesus Christ. We need a concept of success that recognizes that *a* people need to succeed. Experience indicates that a large percentage o mentally retarded people can have healthy emotional responses if they ar lovingly and understandingly protected from too severe frustrations an are placed in situations where they can have the satisfaction of succeedin

The mentally retarded do not want pity or tears; they want to be cha lenged, to help themselves, and to contribute in their own way as a perso We often feel that the church gives something to the person who belong or attends. If this can be reversed to WHAT CAN EVERY INDIVIDUA GIVE TO HIS FELLOWMAN AND THE CHURCH, then we will hav made an initial step towards reaching persons with special needs.

Several years ago the mother of Edith Ann, a mentally retarded an physically handicapped girl (confined to a wheel-chair) came to me an asked me to give her daughter confirmation instruction. Reluctantly,

The Rev. James L. Koch is director of White Memorial Camp. He is minister at Emmanuel United Church of Christ in Hollinwood, Kansas, and a specialist on mental retardation.

ccepted, wondering what to do ith her. After seven months of eekly two-hour sessions, Edith nn had typed a question for me. t read, "What can I do for Jesus?" Iy first reaction was NOTHING. thought what counted was what e in the church were doing for er. I tried to avoid the question, ut could not.

A few days later, I thought—hy not ask her to type the addresses on the church newsletter? his she did from then on for over 00 addresses each month. It took er two to four minutes to get her ands to the typewriter keyboard, nd then an average of 30 to 60 econds between letters when ping, but after this job began, she egan to lose her apathetic moods depression; she picked up in her ting. And, it affected the whole mily.

We minister not simply to flesh nd bones, but to a whole personity. Wholeness comes when the hole person learns, grows, feels, nd emotes as a unit . . . a "becomg" self; for one never really arrives selfhood.

Motivation is basic in all "becomg." A young mongoloid in my urch was moody, hyperactive, bellious, and presenting extreme oblems for his younger sister and rents. We enrolled him in Sumer Vacation Church School for the entally retarded for two weeks. llowing this, we placed him on the rotation list of acolytes. The first time, he knocked over one of the candles onto "our beautiful new chancel carpet." A few members complained. However, even though his father was reluctant to allow his next turn at candle lighting, we insisted. He was successful. His comment to me after church was, "I did it." To be part of his peer group, to be accepted, to be worth something in his own eyes changed his total personality.

Some people are tall, some short, some wear large shoes, some small. We recognize a wide range of variation in physical, mental, and personality make-up. The person suffering from mental retardation is being *rediscovered as a human being.* Nothing human is alien to him, nor should he be alien to any other human being.

WHAT ABOUT YOU?

Check with your youth leaders or with the minister of your church for more information about what is being done in your state, about the problems and needs of the mentally retarded, and about what you can do. Or contact your local or state Association for Retarded Children.

Don't be afraid to get to know a retarded person. But remember that if you are not honest in your offer of help or friendship, the retarded person will be the first to sense this. Remember too that help is desperately needed.

"The care and treatment of mental retardation and research into its causes and cures has too long been neglected. . ." John F. Kennedy

Smart kids
Tough guys
Snicker and crack jokes
Push him around
Sneer in his face.
And we,
Good kids,
Sit on the same bus and pretend
That it doesn't really happen.
Because, after all,
He's a little different
From us.

Holly Exner

Now by chance a priest
was going down that road;
and when he saw him
he passed by on the other side.
So likewise a Levite,
when he came to the place
and saw him, passed by on the
other side.
But a Samaritan . . .

RSV—Luke 10